

## Clueless by PlusSizeReader

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**Summary:**

Steve Harrington x Plus size!reader

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Summary: Reader is bothered about Steve's relationship with Nancy after they split up. The only problem is, he can't figure out what's going on with her.

## Clueless

You knew how hard it was for Steve to see Nancy and Jonathan together but as bad as you felt for him, you knew the feeling all too well.

The relationship you had with Steve had always been a complicated one and no one, including you, really knew where you stood. That being said, you knew how he felt because that was the same way you were made to feel when he started flirting with Nancy.

You felt like he tossed you to the side because she was prettier and thinner and better than you. Even though Steve didn't think of it like that, it was more or less the truth as far as you were concerned.

But none of that mattered now.

The Mind Flayer was going to kill you all if you didn't do something and the complicated intermingling of love triangles wasn't doing anything for you. That monster didn't care if Steve liked Nancy or if you liked Steve. It didn't matter if Jonathan loved her or if he loved you or anything.

The only thing that any of you could think about now was not dying.

That didn't make hiding out any easier though, because all you had to focus on was each other and that made silence difficult.

"Do you think this will work?" you could hear his voice behind your back, Steve, but you wanted to ignore him. You were angry at him for acting like you were invisible every time Nancy made an appearance.

You were his girlfriend now, not her and while you understood that he'd loved her for a long time before you...she's made her choice.

If she wanted Steve, she would have been with him when she had the chance. As far as you were concerned, she didn't deserve Steve at his best anyway because as amazing as he was, she didn't appreciate it.

"I don't know, why don't you go ask Nancy?" you suggested, your

voice full of spite. You knew it wasn't fair but at this point, you didn't care.

The two of you could be killed tomorrow and the only thing your boyfriend cared about was another girl. How were you not supposed to be angry about that?

"Wow, are you okay?" he asked, not sure where the hostility came from. He should have been able to guess but there had been so much stuff going on, that he hadn't really noticed your subtle pouting.

You almost couldn't believe he'd asked. Steve was really going to make you spell it out for him...well, that was just too bad because it wasn't going to happen.

Without missing a beat, you turned away from him, heading over to where Mike and the gang were looking over the board. Maybe they could tell you more about the mind-flayer in the game and take your mind off of whatever your boyfriend had going on.

That left Steve, alone and confused as he tried to deal with all the things he was feeling. Not only that, but now he had to worry about whatever was bothering you because you'd made it abundantly clear that you weren't going to tell him.

This really was just too much to be dealing with at once.

Still, he knew that it was important.

It was important to Steve that you felt comfortable and happy above everything else, it was his job as your boyfriend to make sure that you did. However, he had obviously missed something because you were absolutely not, happy.

He'd only seen you act that way one time before, when Jonathan Byers had chosen Heather Applegate to be his lab partner over you but that was in middle school.

Were you jealous?

It happened sometimes, he didn't doubt it. He got jealous too so it wasn't a totally foreign concept but there was nothing for you to be

worried about right now. It wasn't like when you two were at school and there were all kinds of girls around.

Right now, the biggest threat was the mind-flayer and nothing else mattered. What could you have going on that was bothering you?

After thinking about it for what seemed like hours, Steve came to the conclusion that he was absolutely clueless.

He'd been racking his brain to figure it out but nothing seemed right. It was all relatively simple, he should have just been able to ask you but it wasn't that easy.

Whatever he'd done to upset you, it was on him to make it right...no matter how long it took. He only hoped that he'd be able to do it before you all inevitably were killed by a monster.

Using context clues, he knew that something had made you jealous so now he just had to figure out what it was. It could have been a few things, but more than anything, one thing stuck out.

From all of the watching he'd been doing, he could tell that something was bothering you about Nancy, from the way that you were watching her. It was like she'd done something to you, something that you weren't willing to look past and he just couldn't figure it out.

There was no way for him to know based on just trying to think it through...that wasn't how it worked.

In order to know how to make it better, Steve was going to have to figure out what she'd done to you.

And there was no chance that you were actually going to tell him, so he did the only thing that he knew how, he asked Nancy.

She was sitting on the couch, fiddling with a flashlight. From the look on her face alone, Steve could tell that she was stressed. But everything would work out, they had a plan and Eleven.

There was nothing that could get to them as long as they stuck together, as cheesy as that sounded.

They had proved it before, and if they had to, they could prove it again.

“Hey Nance? I had a question?” he started, sitting down beside her. She was the only other girl that he knew super well, other than you, and there was a good chance that she’d be able to help him.

After all, you two knew each other and as another woman, she might have some insight into what had happened that he was just missing.

“Go for it” she prompted, not even bothering to make small talk with him over anything else. He had come to her with a question and she would do her best to answer him.

For some reason though, Steve hadn’t assumed it would be so easy.

He had been waiting for some kind of interrogation almost over what he could have needed, but it never came. Instead, Nancy waited for him to tell her, not offering anything.

“Okay um, Y/N is upset with me and I don’t know what I did...do you have any idea?” he wondered, shocking her as soon as the words left his lips.

Could he really be so blind?

From the second she heard what he was worrying about, she could put the pieces together.

If she had been in your place, she would have been angry too.

“Go talk to her Steve, there’s a lot going on right now. She probably just needs some support” she shrugged, going back to what she’d been doing prior.

There were a lot of things on her mind, and she didn’t need to worry about Steve right now.

So, as desperate as he was to figure out what was going on, it was clear that Steve wasn’t going to get anything from her.

Instead, he set his mind on a different course. He knew that he

needed to find you.

Hopefully you would be able to clear all this up about him.

~

You were sitting where he left you, though the rest of the guys had moved somewhere else in the house.

You were just staring at the board as if it was going to tell you some secret that was going to save all of you...but you knew that it wasn't.

In truth, you were just searching for some kind of distraction from everything that you were feeling.

It was embarrassing and you really couldn't stand that you were feeling that way. You had never been the jealous type but something about it just got to you.

Maybe it was born out of self-consciousnesses or just pressure. It really bothered you, mostly because you understood the difference between love and a first love.

Nancy Wheeler was the first girl that Steve had ever fallen in love with in his life and that was a different kind of love. You just couldn't compete with that.

Not to mention that when you looked at Nancy, you saw everything you'd ever wanted to look like in your life.

It was just too much on top of what you already had to deal with.

"Mind if I join you?" you heard, recognizing the voice immediately.

In all honesty, right now Steve was the last person you wanted to see but that did little to change the fact that you also wanted to crawl into his lap and never leave.

You loved him, no matter how stressful he could be.

You didn't answer him at first, only glancing over your shoulder at him. You weren't really upset at him, you were more frustrated than

anything.

That was the problem with loving someone so much. The worst thing that you could think of is losing that.

Still, you didn't argue with him when he sat down beside you.

"Find anything interesting?" he wondered, his eyes scanning the page you'd been looking at, though he was much more interested in breaking the ice with you.

Steve hated that there was some kind of separation between the two of you, it bothered him.

"Not really, we're kinda screwed" you groaned, scared that this was all going toward nothing. There wasn't a thing that any of you could do.

Right now, Nancy should have been the farthest thing from your mind.

But you just couldn't shake that feeling.